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A. H. FOLWELL.

A. H. FOLWELL.

Contributing Editor,
HY MAYER.

Some Valentines Received by Puck

A word of encouragement from the art-centre of Europe:

MUNICH, BAVABIA. DEAR PUCK: I am not accustomed to dispensing compliments at wholesale, but I must congratulate you on your Holiday edition. We in Munich are accustomed to the cleverest work in the way of satirical text and illustrations, but one can truthfully say that your recent issues equal anything in that line produced here or in Paris. From number to number Puck gains in attractiveness, and if the American public appreciates it properly, its circulation should soon reach a million copies.

Yours sincerely, FRANZ JOSEF BRAKL.

Every painter in Europe honors Herr Franz Josef Brakl. His Munich Galleries are rich in examples of the finest contemporary art, and his judgment in matters affecting the world of paint and pictures is the voice of last resort.

Our readers may therefore well appreciate our feelings upon receipt of the above letter.

Which brings us quite naturally to the following earnest critique:

Young Men's Christian Association PITTSBURGH, PA.

GENTLEMEN:

Replying to your letter regarding the discontinuance of our subscription to your magazine, would say that the moral standard of the magazine is such that we cannot conscientiously continue to have it come to our reading table.

Yours truly, WILLIAM C. NAPIER, Assistant General Secretary.

UNITED STATES SENATE. WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR SIRS:

I have read with very great interest and appreciation your editorial on my

proposal to establish a reserve industrial and constructive army. You have conceived precisely what I hope may sometime be accomplished through this

I had no hope when I introduced the bill of securing its passage at this present session of Congress or during my term of office. I only hoped it might be the sowing of a seed that might sometime ripen into a policy such as I suggested in my speech on the subject.

I have received a number of letters commending the ideals expressed by me and I hope sometime, it may be in the dim and distant future, something of this kind may be satisfactorily worked out.

> Sincerely yours, JOHN D. WORKS.

Puck had begun to fear that its strictures on the Pork Barrel had alienated the affections of its Congressional friends, but Senator Works revives the hope that the little elf continues to be admitted within the grim halls of Con-

At which flight into politics Puck was gaily pluming himself until a titled friend takes us thus severely to task:

NEW YORK CITY.

I am mighty glad my subscription has expired and have no intention to renew it, because I am unable to enjoy Puck any more, since you thought it necessary to go into politics and I would deem it foolish to waste money on a publication which I learned to dislike.

> Yours truly. BARON VON NICOLICS.

> > CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN:

I appreciate the weekly arrival of Puck as much as the average man does the approach of Sunday - it is a rec-

CHAS. H. BERGHMAN.

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Much depends on the angle of view. For example, the appointment of Brandeis to the Supreme Court bench may change the "dangerously Socialistic" Recall of Judges into a doctrine of unquestioned "conservatism."

The expedition was a success, and if I thought it was necessary or expedient, I'd send over fifty more such ships.

—Henry Ford.

Fifty more ships, yes. But where could Henry get fifty more Mesdames Schwimmers?

Colonel Roosevelt speaks of what we may learn from Germany in the mat-

ter of Preparedness. Perhaps the Colonel can persuade the Republican Party to come out for public ownership of public utilities — as in Germany.

If, with propriety, the local traction interests may contribute to both sides in a political campaign, who shall presume to criticize them for feeing lawyers on both sides of traction litigation? Is not "Safety First" a cardinal principle in railroading?

Too much golfing and too much traveling helped to spell the finish of Taft's political career.

-Former Senator Foraker.

Better a political career finished by golfing and traveling than one terminated by "certificates of deposit."

Bearing in mind Justice Hughes' famous facial adornment, one may put one's own construction on the claim that he "would sweep the country."



American of German Descent to Professional German: Say there, speak for yourself, not for me

Some "stand-pat" persons are trying to show that Louis D. Brandeis once "gave aid" to the Wool Trust. Gave aid to the Wool Trust! The Australian bushmen, it appears, are not the only inhabitants of this world who are fond of throwing the boomerang.

When I see a man standing erect and bringing his heels together with a click, I know that man has been in the army.—A former Congressman.

Not necessarily. He may merely have been well trained by his wife.

Democratic chiefs to side-track Bryan, is the information conveyed by a news headline. That side-track, if memory serves us, was first laid in 1897, and the rails since then have never been allowed to get rusty. A peculiar characteristic of the Bryan siding is that it is open at both ends and leads right back to the main line.

I am desirous of a renomination, if the people are satisfied with my stewardship.—Governor Whitman.

The holder of a high public office should be careful how he uses the word stewardship. All the stewards we ever saw had their hands out.

Possibly that mysterious \$2,000,000 Subway fund went to the guards, conductors and motormen. Every man of them, you remember, got a \$5 goldpiece at Christmas.

A revolution for the purpose of securing United States supervision over the island is being discussed in Cuba. —West Indies item,

Philippine papers please copy.



Drawn by R. O. Evans

"THE PRESIDENT'S WORDS HAD THE PUNCH"



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Hail, Washington! . . . But where can we
Find jests not mediocre?
It was indeed a chary tree
From viewpoint of the joker.
Fair Geraldine, the shining star,
Is Mrs. Lou hereafter
(The name should be pronounced
Farrar—

Excuse our laughter).

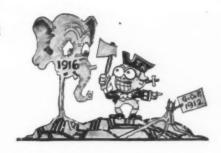
What ghostly thing is this that haunts
Manhattan's Interborough?
Who shall declare the ways of Shonts
Are not complete and thorough?
You who are skilled in patronage
And clever at addition—
How large should be the average
P. S. Commission?

The hard coal fight is burning hot,
Asserts persistent rumor.
And who will win? Believe us, not
The ultimate consumer.
The Philippines, when free again,
Will cease to be an onus;
But who will take them even then,
Without a bonus?



If one may blithely slang it;
The Teuts have framed their final note—
It but remains to hang it.
War stocks, their labor never done,
New marks are daily hitting;
If you would keep from being one,
Stick to your knitting.

The French are after Wagner's goat,

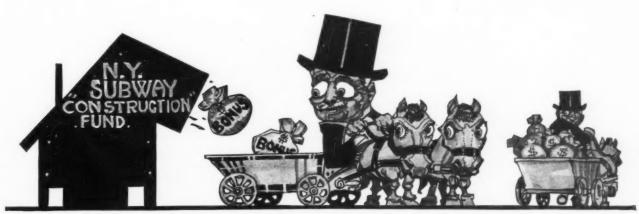


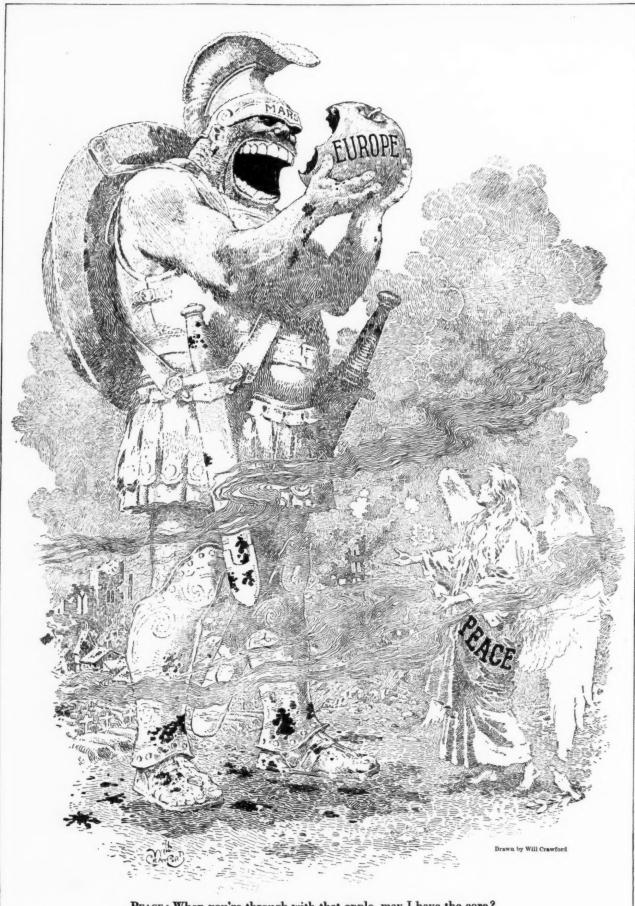
Are forwarding Nijinsky;
The Bally Russe, when he arrives,
Will really then beginsky.
Although the cheeks of Britain burn,
The fire in time will smother;
The Appam stays — one good intern
Deserves another.

The Austrians, 'twixt Balkan drives,

The pleasing crocus soon will bloom;
The Germans have new aeros;
New York now owns the marble tomb
Of one of Egypt's Pharaohs.
Surcease of this unholy strife
Is talked about — in sermons;
The U. S. finds the spies of life
Are mostly Germans.

T. R. went hence the other day —
Bermuda is his station;
J. Pierpont Morgan's sailed away;
John D. is on vacation;
The ball teams, also, soon will go
To southern camps of training;
Will everybody loaf? . . . We know
One who's remaining.





PEACE: When you're through with that apple, may I have the core? WAR: There ain't going to be no core!

THE BEST ARGUMENT FOR NEUTRALITY

The Cult of Kultur as exemplified by its devotees

All that there was in the form and the spirit of international law was violated when, to serve German necessity, the Kaiser sent his masses across the Belgian frontier.

All that civilization has meant, all that has contributed to raise man from the level of the beast was flung aside in those hideous days and still more terrible nights when children were massacred, women dishonored, not in the heat of passion, but in the cool deliberateness of calculation, in the application of the German policy of "terribleness."

Without compassion and without reason Belgian priests have been executed, Belgian churches profaned, Belgian nuns violated. Never since the Reformation have such crimes been committed by men against all the servants and symbols of Christ as by the German soldiers and officers in Belgium.

This is what the German idea means. This is what Kultur, efficiency, the marvellous machine, actually mean to mankind when the deeds are at last examined and man answers the all-important question of what for humanity, for civilization, for religion a German victory will signify. It will mean that the men who trampled on women and children, burned their homes and slew the ministers of God will turn to profit their crimes and their offenses.

Since history began to record the struggles of men, organized under some semblance of law, imbued with some fragment of religion, there has been no such enduring crime as Belgium. It began with the destruction of law; it was pursued by a resort to savagery, to lust and to crime unequalled since the days of the other barbarian hordes; it is now being continued in the malignant and cruel campaign by which those who have been deprived of freedom, have been robbed of those they love, have seen their women dishonored, are systematically pillaged of their last penny and their slight remaining store of food.—New York Tribune.

The Cause of Civilization as furthered by the Allies

The American Jewish Committee has made public the results of a year's investigation of the cruelties inflicted upon Jews by Russian soldiery. It is an affecting story, and beside its horrors even the most exaggerated accounts of suffering in Belgium fade into insignificance.

Among the members of the American Jewish Committee are Louis Marshall, Oscar S. Straus, Jacob H. Schiff, Cyrus Adler, Jacob H. Hollander, Julian W. Mack, Julius Rosenweld, Isaac Bernheim and others of the same type. The report details at length the most horrid cruelties. The savage Cossacks locked whole congregations in the synagogues to which the frightened creatures had fled for safety.

They then stripped and foully outraged the women and girls before the eyes of their fathers and husbands and brothers. When their lust was satiated they cut the women to pieces with their whips and put the men to death with savage tortures. In many instances they fastened the poor wretches in the synagogues and burned them all to death. Women, old and young, some with babes pressed to their bosoms, some about to become mothers, were stripped and knouted and outraged in broad day in the public squares, while Russian army officers looked on and jeered at the beastly inhumanity of their soldiery.

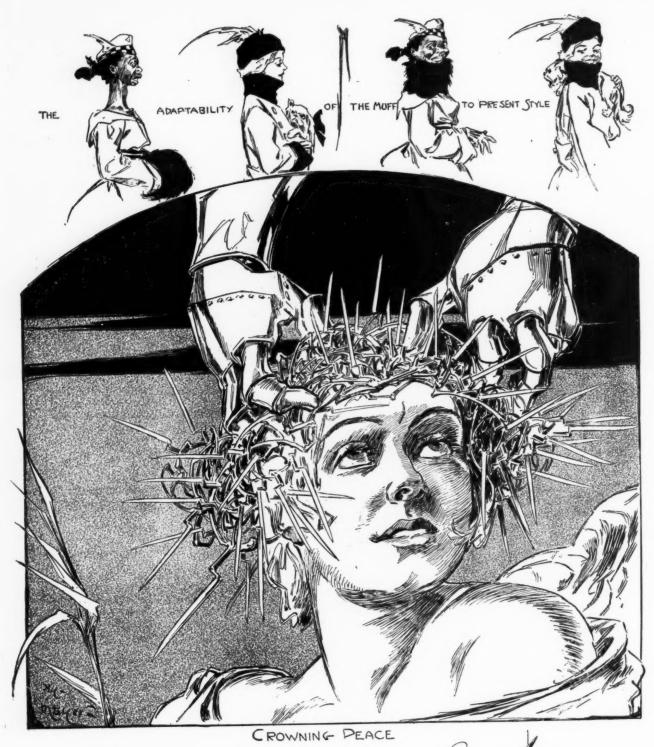
Tens of thousands of inoffensive creatures were herded like cattle into box cars, in the depth of the Russian Winter, and left to freeze and starve and die. The sick, the feeble, the insane were all packed together in these cruel cars of death.

There have been more inoffensive Jews exposed to death, robbery, outrage and terror than there are inhabitants in all Belgium. Yet the whole world has been made to ring with Belgium's story, while the censors and war boards of England and France have not permitted a word to be told of the awful miseries endured by these millions of defenseless people under the whips and bayonets of the barbarians of the Russian steppes.

It is time this conspiracy of silence was broken, time that the awful truth was made known, time that the American people learned what orgies of lust and frightful cruelty have devastated Galicia and Poland, time the Russia's savage government and savage officers and savage soldiery were no longer protected from the execution of the world because they are in alliance with civilized nations which are interested in concealing the barbarities of their allies.—New York American.

Let us be sure, let us be very sure, before we ever go to war that we know what we are fighting for. Our last war was a war in defense of a subjected and exploited people. We intervened because justice demanded that we should do so, in a struggle of clear-cut issues between dominant despotism and a struggling down trodden people. It was a war on corruption, exploitation and graft to begin with, and an even greater war on disease and misery at its close. We ridded Cuba first of the Spaniard, and later of the yellow-fever germ. Graft and malaria were alike eliminated. It was a glorious war in a noble cause — perhaps the only truly unselfish war in history.

Let us not sully its memory by fighting in a less noble cause. Neither "Kultur" nor "Civilization," as evidenced by their actions, which speak louder than words, are such as to command our respect or require the shedding of American blood for their assistance. The strongest argument in the line of those brought up against our intervention in the war, is that neither side is deserving of our sympathy or aid. Neither Russianism nor Prussianism nor the methods pursued by either, methods stated in the paragraphs above, can fill us with aught but revulsion and disgust.





TOM WATSON, OF GEORGIA, INDICTED, BLAMES PUCK - NEWS ITEM

By Hy Mayor

HYMAYEROGLYPHICS

"Vers Temps Meilleurs"

Of course it's discouraging. Sometimes it seems, with half the world at the other half's throat, that the game is all up and we have wasted our time in evolving from the bivalve. But whenever everything is on its way to the demnition bow-wows, something or other has a happy way of turning up. The dogs never do quite get us.

Yes; nations still fight. We had hoped they had got a little beyond that sort of thing; but we were wrong. So far, so bad. But there are other things to think of. Pleasanter to contemplate, too. And here are some of them:

In 1732 an English writer of note was ecstatically commenting to the effect that the picking of oakum was "an ideally healthful pursuit for young children." The little ones were "continually refreshed by the balsamic odor." And so the age of five years was considered to be about the ripe moment to set the children at work in a factory, to regale themselves on the balsamic odor. And it was not till a much later date that it was discovered that the way to punish hardened criminals was to permit them to pick oakum.

With the invention of the spinning jenny it was found profitable to set infants of five, six and seven years at work in the factories for as many hours as they could sit up and keep awake. In 1825 if you had suggested that a child under sixteen should not work more than twelve hours a day, you would have been promptly jailed, as Oastler was. It took twenty-five years of legislation to restrict a child of nine years to a sixty-nine-hour week! And yet it took only twenty years, once the wheels of social legislation got rolling, to enact an age limit in our own Southern States, of twelve years and a sixty-six-hour week.

Slow. Pitifully slow. But something



The Mellowing Influence of Time



Drawn by W. E. Hill

A "PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE" MAN

was being done. There are always a lot of stubborn people who don't want things any better. And then there are the deadly indifferent ones. The yessome-other-time people, and the remindme-of-it-again people. And in spite of these, we do move along in the direction of better things. With the possible exception of the state of Georgia, where the little chubby hands of infants are still considered food for machines.

In Holland, not so many years ago, men were put to death for killing a stork. In England, at the same period, capital punishment was meted to the man who chopped down his neighbor's tree. As late as 1832 stealing a sheep was a capital crime in England. If you stole goods to the amount of five shillings — death. If you committed sacrilege (that is, if you didn't think as you were told to think) — the axe was called for and used on your neck. Having your ears clipped off was a punishment bland and genial.

Nowadays we don't treat the wrongdoer any too well. But we don't butcher him, and there are Osbornes who want to make a man of him. And the Osbornes will have their way. But it's slow.

We are not at the jump-off place, in the year 1916. It looks bad. But it has been worse, and got better; and it can be worse and get better again and again.—Freeman Tilden.



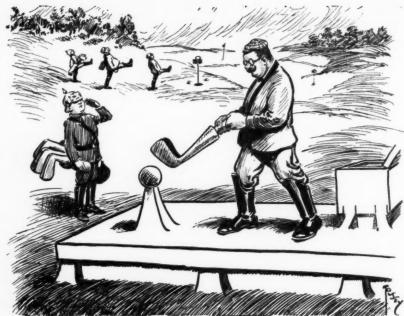
Sensitive Customer: Don't tell me that's a massage you're giving me! I know the Morse code—you're telegraphin' that other girl:—"Ain't she the fat one!"

Boo'ful Babies

Of all the letters, business and personal, that are being daily rushed from one end of the world to the other, there is just one kind that is entirely free from risk. Unwritten letters! Exactly.

Comes Miss Cora M. Clarke into the New York Supreme Court, with letters received from John Leon Martin. These letters were written by Mr. Martin when he was a bachelor. He is now married — but not to the present owner of the letters. Miss Clarke was, at the time the letters passed, Mr. Martin's "Boo'ful Baby." Likewise, she seems to have been his "Little Pete" as well as his "Dearest Precious." Very pretty. Yes. Romantic. Cert. Soul-filling. Uh-huh.

But Mr. Martin is now being asked, in good legal form, why he should not pay to the boo'ful baby of yesterday the sum of \$25,000 for a little matter of breach of promise. He may reply that he was entirely sincere at the time, but that the boo'ful baby of to-day is not necessarily the boo'ful baby of tomorrow. Well, true enough. That explanation satisfies Mr. Martin. It satisfies us. But will it satisfy "Little Pete?" There's the rub.



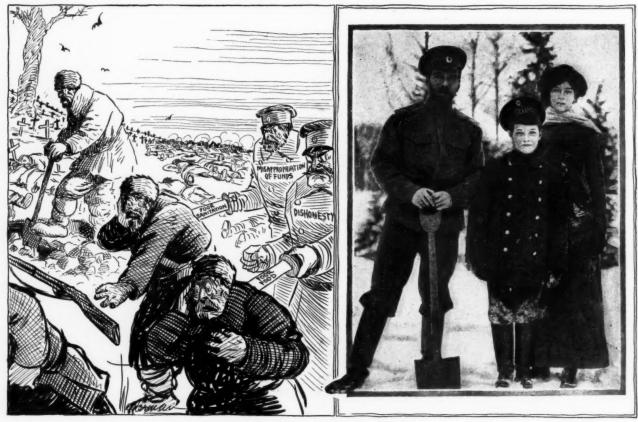
IF GERMANY PREVAILS

Drawn by Sanford Tousey

Will British golf be remodeled along the lines of efficiency and Kultur?

Now, when the gentleman had felt all curdled up in his innermost soul, if he had taken his pen in hand, and then put the pen back on the inkstand, and then gone around the corner for a drink, and then forgotten it ----

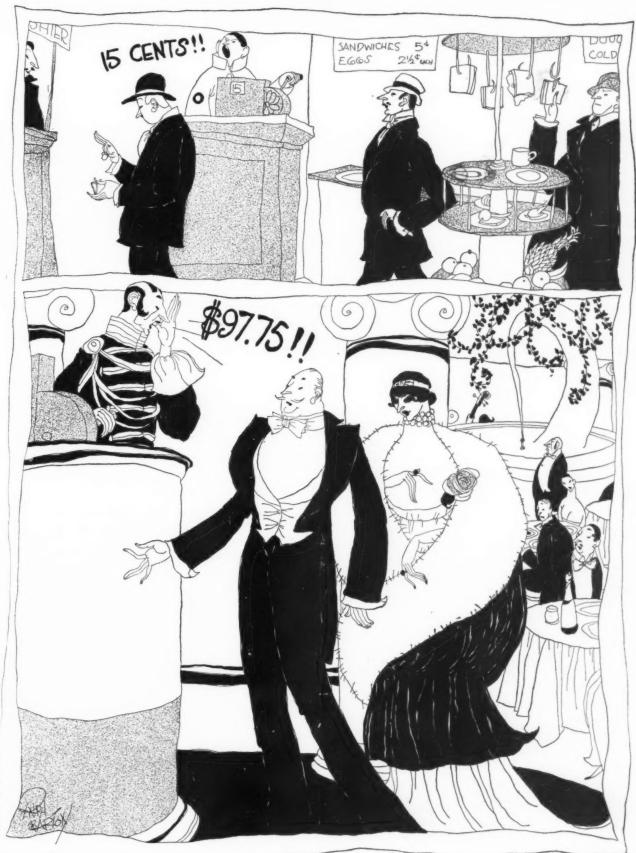
Well, it would have been different



DIGGING OF VARIOUS SORTS

On the right, you see a very charming picture of the Czar of all the Russias, with his daughter and his son, amusing themselves by making, as the telegram informs us, snow trenches and snow forts. A very charming family group, is it not? One of those really touching scenes that are bound to appeal to the masses of Russia as typical of the "Little Father." However, it contrasts somewhat unpleasantly with the other kinds of digging going on in Russia—the digging of graves for those dying not

only on the battlefields, but in the prison camps, where filth and disease, according to authoritative news reports, weekly claim their thousands. Misappropriation of funds and dishonesty are the diggers of these graves, and the digging, while not quite so alluring to the imagination as the pretty snow forts constructed by the C2ar, his son and daughter, are still apt to make more of an impression on the history of the world.



Drawn by Ralph Barton

WHY NOT A YELL WHERE A YELL WILL BE APPRECIATED?

The gilded up-town wine-and-dinery should grab a lesson from the down-town buffet lunch. It gives Mr. Piker no particular thrill when the check-boy trumpets "Fif-teen Ce-e-nts" as the price of Mr. Piker's refreshment. But what a tremendous thrill it would give Mr. McWarbride if, after dining at the "Croesus," an attendant told everybody, ev-e-ry-bod-y, in the room that Mr. McWarbride's check was "Ninety-Seven Dollars and Seventy-Five Ce-e-nts!" And what a lot more wine the "Croesus" would sell

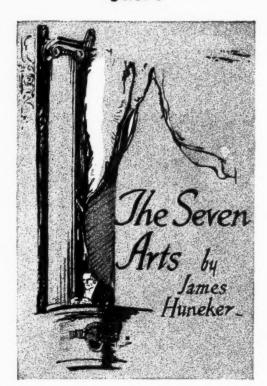
Query: Why drag Govescas in Goya? A Spanish opera, rather vaguely entitled, "Goyescas, o las Majas Enamorados," was sung for the first time anywhere at the Metropolitan Opera House, January 28th. The book is by Fernando Periquet, the music by Enrique Granados. The reason I ask the above question is because the great Spanish painter has so little to do with the matter. Señor Granados in English, Pomegranate - has told us that his music was inspired by the pictures at the Prado Gallery, Madrid, and to this statement no one may demur. for Henry James has long ago reminded us that in whatever else the critic may challenge the creator he must not ask him why he selected his particular theme. That way lies inanity. Se we accept without reservation the composer's explanation of the genesis of his work; especially as the music was originally written for

solo pianoforte and played here, not only by Ernest Schelling — a pupil of Paderewski — but also by Granados himself. And very charming and exotic pieces these tiny "Goyescas" proved to be. But within the vast frame of the operatic stage the picture lacked decisive contours, dramatic accents, in a word was blurred, often empty, though not at moments without appropriate atmosphere. However, "Carmen" is still undisturbed on its pedestal, is thus far the most Spanish of all operas, though written by a Frenchman.

Undramatic Sketch

To begin with the defects of the new work: The book is thin stuff indeed for such a full-blooded subject as Goya. To be sure, Señor Periquet must be absolved from sev-

eral sins of commission and omission because he had to tack his libretto on to the music, thus reversing the natural order. Now, as is well known, Richard Wagner sometimes composed before he wrote the appropriate poem - he has told us this - but Wagner was a rare bird, or fish; a flying fish, at ease in both air and water. Of Periquet's poetical gifts I know little, but I do know that he displays no dramatic aptitude in "Goyeseas." The music, no doubt, conditioned the poem. I had expected some definite recital, some anecdote from the life of a man, robust, passionate, a fierce hater, a fiercer lover. Francesco Goya, painter, bull-fighter, fond of dicing, wenching, enjoyed a career that was richly romantie. He lived his pictures; rather did he paint his vision of an existence charged with color, diversified by gay and sinister happenings, but always at concert pitch, even violent, vulgar and dangerous. In the various biographies of him there are a dozen stories crying for dramatic treatment. But as Granados is more "atmospheric" than dramatic — following the fashion of the day - he preferred to show us certain phases of Goya's art as viewed through his temperament. "Goyescas" became a one-act opera in three tableaux, with the subtitle of the "Enamored Girls" (Maja in the days of Goya meant something livelier, as Majo meant a gallant). Despite a weak tale, casually told, the music of Granados made "Goyeseas" a public success; especially as it was put on with "Pagliacci" and Caruso. And as a short story in music it fits very well into the repertory of our opera



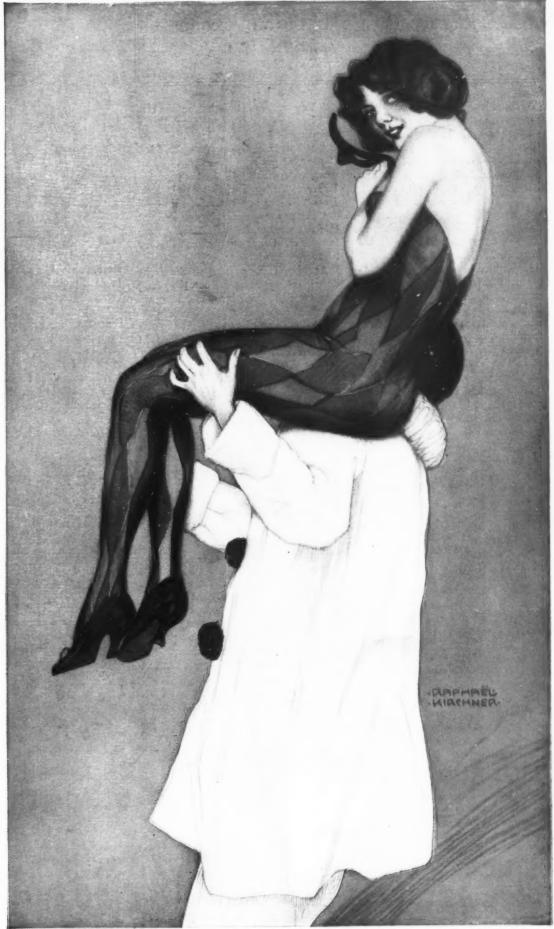
The three The Pictures stage - settings and Music were excellent.

The first recalled a carnival picture by Gova, which once hung in the old Academy of St. Ferdinand, Madrid, and named "The Funeral of the Sardine," though it was also suggested by one of the tapestry cartoons with the stuffed manikin in the Prado. The second scene was unmistakably the tavern of Lillias Pastas in "Carmen." The only dramatic episode in the piece occurs here; and you think of Don Jose and the quarrel with his captain. The last picture might be in any transpontine melodrama: music and moonlight, vows and tears; love and death. As W. J. Henderson would say: Taking advantage of the moonlit night the composer smuggled in many bars which evoked "Tristan and Isolde," Puccini and Puccini, and again Puccini. Also Siegfried had been overheard by that night-

ingale. Conventional to staleness — and dullness — this garden scene with its duel off-stage, its fatally wounded lover, its politely desperate lady - the alleged Duchess of Alba is hardly an aristocrat here - are like the false lower set in an attractive mouth otherwise furnished with true teeth. (Excuse the dental simile, but to sit through that scene was like pulling teeth). It lacks pith and climax. It's all very well to assure us that "Carmen" is only mock-Spanish. We admit that it contains more than its share of Gounod's insipid sweetness; nevertheless the reputation of Bizet is not a straw-fire one. There are more Spanish fire, color apart from the drama - and atmosphere in one act of "Carmen" than in a wilderness of "Goyescas." Instead of a fandango, a Gallardo, in the latter work, we are given a half dozen national dances by Bizet. Why, there are more Iberian rhythms in Massenet's ballet from the "Cid." And then the beautiful workmanship, the bewitching grace, charm and brilliancy. The orchestration of "Goyescas" is heavyhanded. It might have been made by Everyman - as is much of the music with its common diatonic harmonies, its monotony of rhythm. Of course, this orchestration was an after-thought, the composer stained his canvas after he had outlined his figures, whereas he should have painted his picture with bold, direct brush-work. What remains? A superficial bustle, a faded love story, hardly begun before ended, a pretty intermezzo, several vigorous dances in which Rosita Galli and Bonfiglio carried off the honors of the evening, at least a capital chorus and the first two tableaux. Again the Henry James story comes to your memory: "The Real Thing." "Carmen" is not the real thing, being a pasticcio of Spanish and French tunes; yet it remains more Spanish than the real thing manufactured by two Spaniards, Periquet and Granados. I prefer "Goyescas" on the keyboard, not before the footlights; indeed, the entire composition suggests the pianoforte, and not the vocal and orchestral apparatus of the lyric drama. "Goyescas" was not very well sung by Anna Fitziu, Flora Perini, Martinelli, and De Luca; but, then, there are not abundant opportunities either for acting or singing; the dancers, the chorus and the pictorial backgrounds are the principal factors. Baragnoli conducted. There was lots of applause. But why drag in Goya?

(Continued on page 18)

H A R L E Q U I N



Original in the p-ssession of the Bruton Galleries, 9 Bruton Street, W. London,

Painted by Raphael Kirchner of Paris

Mrs. Canary Pays a Little on Account

Written and Illustrated (from Clay Models) By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

"Well, Mrs. Canary," began the brisk young man, "the office won't be put off any longer. We've been pretty patient with you, and you're two months behind now."

"I'm very sorry," declared Mrs. Canary, "but my people keep me waiting. Goodness knows I want to pay my bills."

"Can't you come across with one month - that might help some?" His tone implied much.

" If you'll call to-morrow, Mr. Mc-Guire, I'll have something for you," promised Mrs. Canary.

The landlady had no sooner seated herself once more at her little soapcoupon desk, busy with columns of figures, when Mr. Valentine, proprietor of the Tip Top Market, presented himself and bill.

"You promised to do something for me to-day, Mrs. Canary," he began.

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the landlady, "I meant this afternoon and not this morning. Some people I expected would pay me last night failed to do so. Mr. Valentine, I must complain about the quality of the meat you have been sending me lately. It's as tough as shoe leather."

"Huh! You say you want cheap prices, I have to give you cheap meat. I got better, but you won't pay for it," the butcher defended.

"You send me stuff that no one else will buy," swept on Mrs. Canary. " My boarders all threaten to leave.'

"I came in here for my money, Mrs. Canary. I got my bills to pay. Them wholesalers won't wait for their money. Every Saturday I have to pay them. I can't deliver no more meat till-

"I'll pay you something on account this afternoon, Mr. Valentine," promised Mrs. Canary in a conciliatory

As Mrs. Canary went to the front door to let Mr. Valentine out, the young man from the gas office was coming up the front steps.

Without a word of comment the collector pushed the shut-off notice in front of Mrs. Canary.

"I refuse to pay one cent until my meter is fixed," stated Mrs. Canary haughtily. "This house never burned that amount of gas in one month! Never!'

"All right," said the young man, calmly, "your gas will be shut off today." He turned to go.

"I'll pay it," called Mrs. Canary, "but you send some one up here to look at that meter." From a deep pocket in her skirt Mrs. Canary took a shabby purse and counted out sixteen dollars and thirty-two cents. young man just reached for a self-inking rubber stamp in his vest pocket,

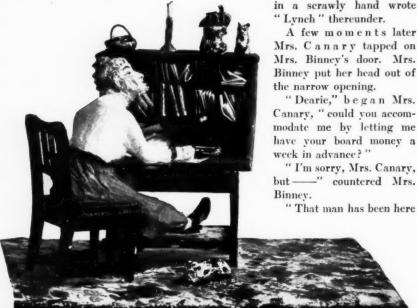
> applied it to the notice and in a scrawly hand wrote

A few moments later Mrs. Canary tapped on Mrs. Binney's door. Mrs. Binney put her head out of the narrow opening.

Canary, "could you accommodate me by letting me have your board money a

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Canary, but --- " countered Mrs.

"That man has been here



The landlady seated herself at her little soap-coupon desk



Rent, Meat and Gas

again to-day. I can't put him off any more, or we'll be put out. I had hoped to eatch up, but you know the Cribbages haven't -

"I can let you have ten dollars," conceded Mrs. Binney. "I am surprised about the Cribbages."

" Mrs. Binney, that's awfully good of you. I always did say that you and Mr. Binney were the nicest people that ever stepped foot in this house!" beamed Mrs. Canary in taking her

Mrs. Canary next called upon Mrs. Cribbage, on the floor below, and Mrs. Cribbage suspected the worst. Mrs. Canary's calls upon Mrs. Cribbage were never social.

"Are you feeling any better, Mr. Cribbage?" addressed Mrs. Canary, for Samuel Cribbage had stayed home two days from work, being laid up with "an attack." Without looking up from his paper Samuel Cribbage admitted that he was some better.

"Mrs. Cribbage," began Mrs. Canary, desperately, "I dislike to trouble you, but could you accommodate me by letting me have a couple of weeks' board in advance? The butcher must have his money to-day. He always sends me the best cuts in his market. I can't keep him waiting. So many of my boarders are behind to me."

"We're short ourselves this month." discouraged Mrs. Cribbage. "Samuel's insurance comes due on the fifteenth."

"Of course if the Binneys would pay," whispered Mrs. Canary, in a confidential tone, "I'd be all right."

"The Binneys!" gloated Mrs. Cribbage, "I wonder what they do with their money? She don't get it!"

"Perhaps Miss Quince will help me out," sighed Mrs. Canary.

"I'll let you have one week," Mrs. Cribbage volunteered, "but I'm surprised about the Binneys!'

During the morning, Mrs. Canary was interviewed by several other deter-(Continued on page 20)

Crown Prince Interviewed

By Our Special Correspondent, Splayfoot T. Lummox

(The War Correspondent is running amuck. His despatches from the front are wandering farther and farther from the straight and narrow path of good reporting. He is obsessed with his own importance; and when we venture into his reports, we are forced to wade through large lakes of personal slush in order to get at a small and barren island of news. The following interview with the Crown Prince is a composite narrative, pieced together from the recent work of some of our leading War Correspondents.)

Berlin (via Jayville).—I had an interview to-day with the Crown Prince. This was very smart of me. Nobody thought that I could do it. I am constantly doing things of this nature. This is why I am such a remarkable war correspondent. This is why I enjoy the confidence of men of affairs, ranging from the Chief Rug of Bokhara down to the man who struck Billy Patterson.

Almost everyone thought that the Crown Prince was dead; but my intuition told me that he was not. So I refused to listen when the other correspondents said to me: "Lummox, you silly ass, the Crown Prince is dead! You are on a wild goose chase! Stay in the hotel and play pachisi over a nice filet of potato skins and a brimming beaker of artificial matzoon!"

Putting on my puttees, my leather shirt, my silk-piped correspondent's jacket made by Charjit of London, a clean celluloid collar and a steel golf cap, and hanging my field glasses and my butterfly-case over my shoulder, I sharpened my pencil and stepped into the lobby of the Hotel Adlon.

I hastened at once to the nearest telephone pay-station with the calm dignity which I have acquired during many hard campaigns. I dropped a five-mark note through the slot. Finally a charming voice answered me. It reminded me of a voice which I used to know in Jersey City!



GERMAN OFFICER: Mein Gott, vot a fool you are! Lie flat in der trench—you vas drawing their fire!



Drawn by C. Le Roy Baldridge

TO-DAY
The English Militant Suffragette

"Hello," said I. "Connect me with the Crown Prince in his field headquarters!"

"Himmelsniffel, gnädiger Herr!" gasped the owner of the voice, "the formalities must be observed! We do not ——"

"Never mind all that," I interrupted in my brusque American manner, "I am an American, and Americans have no more respect for Crown Princes than they do for half crowns!"

(A half crown is 60 cents in English money, you know. This is a continental joke, which probably would not be greatly appreciated in America, but which went big on the continent.)

A thick silence followed my words.

Momentarily I expected that the secret police would reward my temerity by exploding a poison gas bomb at the other end of the wire and choking me to death. At last a voice came over the wire. It was a rich, dignified voice, and sounded as though it were accustomed to speak sharply to head waiters.

"Hello," said the voice. "What do you want?"

"Hello," said I. "Is this the Crown Prince?"

"Hello," said the voice. "Yes, this is the Crown Prince. What can I do you for?"

These words were followed by a loud (Continued on page 21)



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



The Young Father

Saturated with the new paternal enthusiasm, Allison Holifield returned from his territory Saturday night with his order book chock full. The full book did not mean any unusual coffers for the Buckley-Terry treasury, however; half of the pages were filled with suggested names for that new baby girl.

-The Laurel (Miss.) Leader.

It Will Take Either Way

A gentleman was telling us last Monday about attending a wedding up in Jones Creek a few days ago, where the couple were put into the matrimonial boat without being required to stand. We never heard of a sitting-down wedding before. But we do not suppose it makes any difference how any one starts off on such a journey.

—The Dahlonega (Ga.) Nugget.

Deferred Pants

The Normal School Band uniforms will consist in a cap and coat at first, with the probable addition of pants at a later date.

—The Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.

Laughing Gas

Mrs. Col. Jessup is wearing a broad smile now, as the Col. has installed a nice gas range in their home and had the gas doctor, Mr. Waterman, come out and pipe the gas in. Mrs. Jessup says cooking is a pleasure

-The Westport (Ind.) Courier.

Back to the Farm

Let the young man about town who is out of work, quit so much hard time talking and try a year on the farm. Plowing will give him a new constitution, take the kinks out of his head, the frog out of his throat, the gas off his stomach, the weariness out of his legs, the corns off his toes, and give him a good appetite, an honest living and a sight of heaven.

-The Moss Point (Miss.) Advertiser.

He'll Read it, Anyhow

Because the Herald of last week printed an item of local news that one of our subscribers did not like he "got hot under the collar" and stopped his paper. However, he will read it each week by borrowing from his neighbor.

-The Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

Good Opening

We think that Adams affords an excellent opening for a good live tailor shop. We think a good patronage awaits a tailor who pays for coal he burns, the advertising he gets and pays for the goods he puts into clothes without being compelled to pay by garnishee or other legal procedure.

—The Adams (Wis.) Advertiser.

Courted in an Auto?

Married - At the M. E. parsonage last Thursday evening, Miss Annabelle Skidder and Charles E. Speeder.

-The Edgerton (Neb.) Gazette.

A Versatile Cow

For Sale - A full-blooded cow, giving milk, also three tons of hay, a wheelbarrow, a grindstone, two stoves, a scythe and a democrat wagon.

-Adv. in The Helena (Mont.) Independent.

Bill Knew Nothing of Brazil

The Shakespeare Club met with Mrs. Meyers, Broadway. At roll call items of current interest were given. Miss Bither gave an interesting paper on the country of Brazil and a general discussion of the subject followed the paper.

-The Niles (Mich.) Sun.

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of Puck,

Sampling Matrimony

Harry Pratt returned to Denver this morning after a visit with his fiancée, Miss Katherine McKenzie. He is receiving treatment for one of his eyes.

-The Boulder (Col.) Camera.

Leaving Nothing Undone

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Forbes will entertain their parents on both sides.

-The Hillsdale (Mich.) Standard.

Sweeter Than Sweet

The bride was gowned in white silk and the bridesmaids in white silk cots, 11/2 pints syrup, 11/2 ozs. of carnations and the bridesmaids white and pink carnations.

-The Calgary (Canada) Herald.

How They Are Made

Dr. Miltenberger spent Friday in Chicago taking a post graduate course in sur-

-The Spring Valley (Ill.) Gazette.

His Independence

The Pod isn't very big And the editor is no pig, Altho he knows how to dig, And for critics cares not a fig. -The Pea Ridge (Ark.) Pod.

The Craze for Cleanliness

Woman wants cleaning, four days a week, different places. Address, etc.

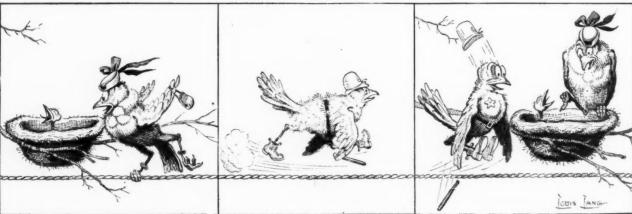
-Adv. in The Butte (Mont.) Miner.

Constancy

An express may stop for a washout or the sun be hidden for a day by murky clouds, but there is no variation in the regular appearance of Grover Phillips as he wades the mire or climbs the peaks of the Willow roads on his eighteen-mile journey to see the lady of his heart. We congratulate her.

-The Wayne County (O.) Press.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE - XI



Mrs. Birdie Newlywed — Help! Help! Police!

11111

"Officer, I've been robbed! I had a nice little blue egg and some one took it away and left this squalling thing"



IF THE TABLES WERE TURNED The fond dream of a humble pedestrain

A Seasonable Warning

A lecturer at Ohio State University placed a trained bee on his lips to show its indisposition to sting. The bee immediately stung him, causing his lips to swell so violently that the lecture was brought to an abrupt close.

-News item.

Trust not the bee with poisoned sting,
Nor let his harmlessness be sung,
Lest they who touch the pretty thing
Be stung.

Place not your head within the jaws
Of lions tamed by love or fright,
Lest they obey the jungle laws
And bite.

Let not your dealings be too rash
With men of peace; for no one knows
When they will turn in rage, and smash
Your nose!

And so with nations: if you roam
Unarmed and say no harm is nigh,
Some nation's guns may blow your
home

Sky-high!

Use gloves for bees: for nations, guns:
Then, if against us they should chafe,
Our homes, our daughters and our sons
Are safe.

K. L. Roberts.

A British scientist has invented a microscope so delicate that it will measure one-millionth of an inch. At last we can measure the progress of the Week's Presidential boom.

"What will be the German slogan after England is 'strafed'?"

"Probably 'Seize America First.'"



Operator

Installer

Lineman

Cierk

The Picked Army of the Telephone

The whole telephone-using public is interested in the army of telephone employees—what kind of people are they, how are they selected and trained, how are they housed and equipped, and are they well paid and loyal.

Ten billion messages a year are handled by the organization of the Bell System, and the task is entrusted to an army of 160,000 loyal men and women.

No one of these messages can be put through by an individual employee. In every case there must be the complete telephone machine or system in working order, with every manager, engineer, clerk, operator, lineman and installer cooperating with one another and with the public.

The Bell System has attracted the brightest, most capable people for each branch of work. The training

is thorough and the worker must be specially fitted for his position.

Workrooms are healthful and attractive, every possible mechanical device being provided to promote efficiency, speed and comfort.

Good wages, an opportunity for advancement and prompt recognition of merit are the rule throughout the Bell System.

An ample reserve fund is set aside for pensions, accident and sick benefits and insurance for employees, both men and women. "Few if any industries," reports the Department of Commerce and Labor, "present so much or such widely distributed, intelligent care for the health and welfare of their women workers as is found among the telephone companies."

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HIPPODROME

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS

 The Seven Arts
(Continued from page 12)

Prince The other operatic novelty of the season was "Prince Igor Igor," by Alexander Borodin (I refuse to consider Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" a novelty even with Caruso in the title-role). Again a diffuse, too lengthy libretto weakened the music, which is at moments the music of a genius. After all, Daddy Wagner knew the secret of handling myth and legend so as to make a dramatic effect. He, too, has his longuers, but he does not often keep the characters in his music dramas idly standing. "Prince Igor" has few dramatic moments. The score is full of Russian barbaric movement and color as befits the theme, and in the camp scene the ensemble is fascinating. The choral dance, the prologue, the maiden's petition, and the invisible chorus in the last scene show artistic powers of evocation. But the sadly disconnected story, the absence of vital characterization, and the unheavenly length of the work these militated against the success of "Prince Igor." The dancing and choral singing are its chief attractions, though it makes an indifferent impression when compared with the chorus of Moussorgski's master work, "Boris." Madame Alda Adamo Didur, Amata. Botta, Perini, Di Segurola comprised the cast. Polacco conducted.

A Spanish coloratura soprano made her debut January 31st as Lucia in the war-worn but still gripping "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her name is Maria Barrientos and she is a handsome young woman with a slender but adequately drilled voice and a charming personality. She made a favorable impression,

(Continued on opposite page)



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The Tires That Never Tire

The letter reproduced below is one of many in our possession that prove the high mileage obtained by users everywhere.

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NEW YORK CITY

Jan. 24th, 1916

Mr. William N. Callahan
Fellsen Tire Company
1995 Broadway, New York

DEAR SIE: It may interest you to know that one of your tires, a 37x5, sold to me on April 22nd, 1913, covered 7,349 miles while on my 66 Pierce-Arrow ear. Inasmuch as the average life of a tire on this car has been about 3,500 miles, owing to its great weight, I feel that a few words of praise for the Fellsen Tires will not be out of order.

I trust that the others I may order o your make will prove equally as good and wishing you continued success,

Very truly yours,
[Signed] JOHN BOULTON SIMPSON,
President.

What mileage are you getting from the tires you are using on your car?

Fellsen Tires

offer the highest guarantee of mileage per dollar of cost of any tire on the market.

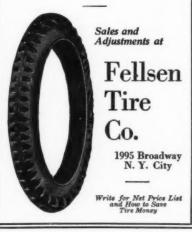
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FORD SIZES

Non-Skid Plain Tread 7,500 Miles 7,000 Miles

In case of a blowout of a tire which has run under 3,000 miles, a new tire will be furnished free of charge.





AT HOME WITH MOTHER

The member of the landsturm, Joseph Hiendlmayer, has to spend his entire furlough on the street car because his wife has become a street-car conductor.

(Germans see the humor of their own shortage of men. The women have been requisitioned as street-car conductors and for many other positions that are generally considered in time of peace the perquisites of men alone.)

The Seven Arts

which was further confirmed by her admirable singing and acting in "The Barber of Seville" at the Saturday matinee. During the second week the Russian Ballet at the Century Theatre introduced the "Carnaval" by Schumann, "Le Pavilion d'Armide" and the humorous "Petrouchka,"

Coming Into His Own

"In the Frank case, a deluge of slanders and falsehoods against the people and courts of Georgia was poured upon us. . . . Puck vilified the state most viciously, cartooned it libelously and cartooned me personally. . . . Frank's lawyers declared that I must be driven out and Puck went so far as to say I should be hanged."

This is part of a long statement by Thomas E. Watson — the man responsible for most of the Georgia lynchings and conspicuously the murderer of Leo M. Frank. Attorney-General Gregory is about to indict and prosecute Watson for circulating obscene matter in connection with the Frank case. Watson is inclined to blame Puck for the prosecution. However, Watson has only his own crimes to blame. Puck prophesied on the day when Watson incited the Frank murder that if he were not punished for this murder, he would continue to incite further murders and lynchings in the state and would keep on until his activities were checked by law. This prophecy so far has been fulfilled to the letter. Georgia's record of lynchings in the last year is 15 which leads every state in the Union. These lynchings have largely been incited by one man, and that man is Thomas Watson. Whether a fitting punishment for this man is imprisonment, extradition or hanging, Puck leaves to the courts of the United States to decide. But that something should be done to end the career of a person so bestial in his private life, so inhuman in his public utterances, and so pernicious in his public activities, no one can doubt.

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THE NATIVE: Well, what do you think of New York?
THE STRANGER: It seems to have excellent acoustic properties

Mrs. Canary Pays a Little on Account

(Continued from page 14)

mined looking young men, who interrupted her endless figuring as she sat in her trading-stamp chair, at the soappremium desk, on the cigar-coupon rug. Before her mind there floated a ballet procession of prancing tradespeople on tiptoes for their overdue money.

After Mrs. Canary had telephoned to her sister Clara and Clara had said that she couldn't loan her any more of Jim's money, the landlady donned her street clothes and went out, clutching tightly her black hand bag. She was absent something more than two hours.

On the way home she stopped at the Tip Top Market and paid to Mr. Valentine a little something on account. The young man from the real estate office was waiting for her when she reached home. When he went away he wasn't wholly pleased, but he was some pacified.

When the dinner bell sounded, Mrs.

Canary smilingly took her place at the head of the table, regal in her black silk dress, but NOT adorned with her diamond sunburst pin and earrings. Again she had triumphed over collector's day. Somehow she had managed to keep afloat by paying "a little on account."

The Glories of War

"One day a poor fellow on his way back to the front for the fourth time showed us some pictures he had of his wife and baby before the war and another just taken. She looks twentyeight in the first and seventy in the other."

A little item from the pen of a returned Red Cross nurse that properly belongs in the category of the "glories of war."

Panning America

FRIEND: Do you hyphenated editors intend to fall in with this Pan-America movement?

GERMAN-AMERICAN EDITOR: Fall in with it? Vy, man, ve started it!

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116 Fourth Avenue Hew York City
Largest Uniform Makers in America







—From London Graphic.
THE TAILORS OF STRAFE STREET
THE CROWN PRINCE: Very well cut, Father!
But how about fitting the pieces together?

The Crown Prince Interviewed (Continued from page 15)

burst of German laughter. I knew then that I was indeed speaking with the Crown Prince, and that he, in his democratic way, had realized that he was speaking with an American, and had used an American colloquialism to put me at my ease. As you know, I have interviewed the Ah-There of Swat, the Pshaw of Persia, the Sulking of Sulu, Dr. Cook, Tom Lawson and many others; but I have never been so gratified over any interview as over this

one with the Crown Prince.
"Hello," said he. "What do you wish to speak with me about?"

"Hello," I replied, "I want to ask you who is going to win the war?"

His answer, which was given to me in confidence, I cannot make public. The remainder of the interview, I regret to say, also dealt with matters which I am unable to print at this time. It was, however, very interesting; and I hope to incorporate it in my next book, "Kings I Have Kidded" (Sharpers, \$2.50).

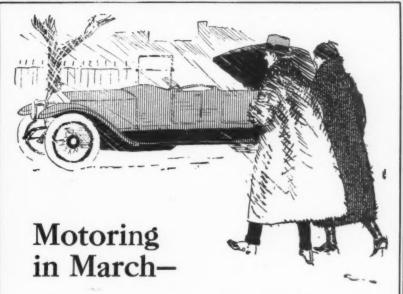
When we had finished talking, I remarked, quite casually: "Well, good night!"

"So long, old top," replied the Crown Prince, with a democratic German laugh.

That was all; but wasn't it wonderful of me to get it?

K. L. Roberts.

The appointment of Louis D. Brandeis is declared to be quite satisfactory to Charles S. Mellen. It is hard to see why the Senate hesitated.



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cocktails equally well by guess-work. The whole charm of a cocktail is in the smoothness that comes from accurate blending and aging.

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MIXED drink depends for its flavor on the goodness of its ingredients.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"
blends excellently with other liquors making it invaluable for mixed drinks. Possesses a distinctive flavor and a rare aromatic boquet that serves to enrich cocktails and other mixtures. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

Every Married Couple

A. OVERHOLT & CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN ENGLISH IDEA OF "HUNGRY" **GERMANY**

-From London Punch.



FOR NEUTRALS

"Why do we torpedo passenger ships? Because we are being starved by the infamous English"



FOR NATIVES

"Who says we are in distress? Look what our splendid organization is doing!"

Overcrowding the Profession

Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney has given a commission to Robert Henri to paint her portrait. The work has been begun, but it will not be completed for possibly two months. Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy has painted a large and decorative portrait of Mrs. Whitney, and a smaller work has been painted by Troy Kinney. She also has sat for Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, sculptor.

-Labor item.

Let none speak to-day of the "idle" rich. In addition to their other useful and beneficent activities - dancing, skating and gambling at bridge - the women of our "best society" now sit for a number of portraits that would keep a popular artist's model busy.

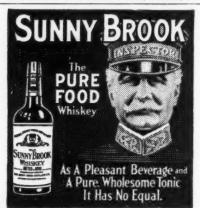
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Have You Noticed That Those Who Seem to Enjoy Their Meals



It Adds a Smack that Teases the Appetite and makes for Keen Enjoyment.

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CLIPPED WINGS

By

Rupert Hughes-

"The book is written by a man who

"The book is written by a man who actually knows what he is talking about."—N. Y. Herald.

"But although the surroundings and most of the people in this novel belong to the theater, the problem it presents, the problem of which these are merely the attractive husk, is one which towels nearly if not is one which touches nearly if not quite every phase of our modern life: 'What are husbands going to do about their wives' ambitions? What are wives going to do about their hus-bands' rights to a home?"

-N. Y. Times.

\$1.35 net

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Pickings from Puck

A 64-page Quarterly filled to the brim with the beautiful color features that make Puck famous.

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SHOULD OWN

The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M.D.

Could You Use More Personal Energy?

Could You in Your Daily Life Use from Thirty to Fifty Percent More Energy and Greater Recuperative Power, Greater Vitality. a Keener Mind, a Stronger Heart and a Thoroughly Balanced Nervous System—a Greater Realization of Life? Could You, in Other Words, Make Profitable Use of Greater Energy?

Have you derived that satisfaction in living which a thoroughly virile, energetic and keen organism makes possible? Are you interested in increasing your powers of living, in making your life unusually long, pleasurable and successful, free of all inefficiencies and infirmities?

Not Self-Abnegation But Self-Assertion—Self-Evolution

What one man calls prosperity, another man calls poverty. It all depends upon the standard of living. What one man calls virility and energy, another man calls weakness and stagnation. What one man calls perfect health, another man would regard as What one man caus personal inferior physiological efficiency.

You no doubt would be surprised to but half alive, and

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dol-lars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your Sys-tem to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"I never felt so well before in my life."

"I have searched for just this kind of a System and physical improvement for three years. I am a blacksmith, but your System gives me results which my work and exercise cannot equal. I enclose my check with pleasure."

"I feel ashamed that I hesitated so long to give your System a trial; now I wonder why everyone does not take it. I am 73 years old, but your System is making a young man of me."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches,"

"I cannot recommend your Syste too highly, and without flattery believ that its propagation has been of gree benefit to the health of the country.

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increas-ing daily."

"I have heard your System highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your System developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your System is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your System too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to

I Have At Least 50,000 Similar Testimonials

learn that you are but half alive, and that you have missed the best part of your existence through remaining satisfied with and clinging to inferior health, inferior vitality and inferior energy. Thousands of individuals have learned by demonstration that they, in reality, were living inferior lives, even though they regarded themselves in good health and vitality.

My book will enable you to determine for yourself whether or not you are unconsciously leading an inferior life. It tells how to improve your every capacity.

Energy Is the Foundation of Life, Health and Success

Energetic people are fruitful people. They are the people who produce art, literature and wealth, in a million forms. They create farms, factories, mines, banks, parks, schools and buildings that scrape the sky. They produce the industries of the world. They have inspiration, intuition, sense, judgment, ambition, initiative, the will to do and the compelling They are the ruling people. I offer you the opportunity to be one of them.

Men and women of all ages and conditions profit through Conscious Evolution.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA 1915 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

It is futile to describe the Swoboda kind of health and energy by words. You must experience for yourself to appreciate it, and at the same time, to realize in what way you are living an inferior life.

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains my new the-ory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and aftereffects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.



The Brisk Smoke-"Bull" Durham

When you see an alert-looking young man in a lively argument roll a "Bull" Durham cigarette—it's the natural thing. He likes to punctuate a crisp sentence with a puff of "Bull" Durham. His mind responds to the freshness that's in the taste of it, and his senses are quickened by its unique aroma. A cigarette of "Bull" Durham just fits in with keen thinking and forceful action.

GENUINE

BULL DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

You get more wholesome, lasting satisfaction out of "Bull" Durham than from any other tobacco ever rolled up into a

cigarette. Made of "bright" Virginia-North Carolina leaf, "Bull" Durham is rich, fragrant, mellow-sweet—the mildest, most enjoyable of smokes.

"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham—so good a cigarette cannot be obtained in any other way.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



